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PROPOSALS

FOR

PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

IN ONE VOLUME OCTAVO,

A

MISCELLANY OF POEMS,

CONSISTING OF

ELEGIES, ODES, &c.

INCLUDING

EDWIN AND KATHARINE,

OR THE

DISTRESSED LOVERS,

A NEW TRAGEDY.

BY T. SCOTT, AND J. PASLEY.

CONDITIONS.

I. The Book will be elegantly Printed on a fine Demy Wove Paper, and with a large Type, and will contain 400 Pages at leaſt.

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JUN

TO THE

PUBLIC.

THE Nobleſt Bard that ever woo'd a muſe,
Or tun'd a lyre, or taught the liſt'ning world;
At firſt with dubious views, and trembling heart
Reſign'd his Bark to the ſwell'd critic-wave:
He knew the ſtorms of keen-wing'd cenſure watch'd,
To tear with hungry howl his flagg of fame:
He knew the jetty ſurge would laſh, and ſtain;
What he perhaps the faireſt beauty deem'd.
How then ſhall we two ſimple youths preſume,
To brave the dangers of this nicer age,
Where all are cloy'd, by the inceſſant round
Of dainties ſuited to their ev'ry taſte,
Demanding ſomething new, more ſweeten'd cates
Which ſcarce are poſſible for man to give:
Hence the vaſt crowd of cav'ling critics riſe,
With emulation fir'd they fall to work,
Diſſect, and rudely ſearch each offer'd diſh,
Heighten each blemiſh, and oft quite condemn.
Alas we ſhrink! but are there not a few,
Whoſe breaſts with nobler feelings warmly glow;
Who cheriſh nature's ev'ry infant bud;
And with a ſmile receive the tender thought:
There ſurely are: with theſe Brittania ſhines
The firſt on earth; to theſe we now appeal,
To theſe commit our ſtripling roughly clad,
In hopes their candour will its life protect.
Steep, long, and rugged is the path to fame,
And to her lofty ſummits few can ſoar:
To harmonize the lyre aright, demands
An art that's rarely gain'd; but yet th' attempt
Is ſurely laudable, and we're convinc'd
The taſk is ever pleaſing. To evade

The ſnares of youth, and leave the buſtling world
A while behind, we've often hail'd the eve,
And ſought a ſilent grove, or plaintive ſtream,
Where to inſtruct, and cheer the mind, we beg'd
The friendly viſits of ſome humble muſe:
Sometimes we've thought ſhe ſmil'd; but, ah! perhaps
'Twas but the ruddied face of paſſing cloud.
But you ſhall judge anon. As the fond girl
Is inly torn with wild conflicting pangs,
When from her arms, fame bids her lover haſte
To plow the deep; and ſeek the hoſtile plain.
So ſtand we trembling anxious of the fate
Of our young Adventurer, ſoon deſign'd
To launch into the wide extenſive world.

SPECIMENS.

IMAGINATION's flight the muſe would trace,
While ſhe unbounded roves thro' various ſcenes;
And paint the ſway ſhe bears in ev'ry place,
And how that ev'ry where ſhe ſheds her beams.

Thro' unknown tracts ſhe eager bends her way,
And mighty wonders ev'ry where diſplays;
"O'er ev'ry ſyſtem hangs her plaſtic ſway,"
And ev'ry ſcene ſhe twiſts unnumber'd ways.

She on her airy wings ſoars up on high:
And views yon glob'lar ſyſtems as they roll;
She counts the orbs that deck yon ſpangl'd ſky,
And views their wond'rous courſe from pole, to pole.

Beyond theſe ſpheres ſhe ſeeks the bright abode,
Where nature's God in matchleſs grandeur ſhines,
Array'd in majeſty, in ſplendid robe;
Who hangs his ſway o'er all creation's climes.

Who out of nothing made this wond'rous all,
At his command creation took its face,
The raging ſeas into their courſe did fall,
Men, beaſts, and birds, all knew their proper place.

She dauntleſs dives into the raging flood,
And views the wonders of the boundleſs deep;
She ſees the giant monſter's dark abode,
And where the fry their ſafe aſylum keep.

She hears the waves now peaceful reach the ſhore,
And feels the breezes o'er the ſurface creep;
She hears the ſwelling ſurges hoarſly roar,
And feels the furious blaſts laſh o'er the deep.

To earth's bleak caverns now ſhe bends her courſe,
And ev'ry darkſome vault ſhe quick explores;
She views with piercing eye, th' exub'rant ſource
Of min'ral ſalts, and rich metallic ores!

She marks the precious ſtones, there uſeleſs lie,
The ſparkling diamond, ſplendid ſon of light!
She ſees how gems acquire their various dye,
Which there lie hid, abſorb'd in rayleſs night.

She farther pierces to that awful place,
Where tortur'd ghoſts, and ſtygian furies dwell,
Where grief appears on ev'ry woeful face;
And hears the groans of ſpirits doom'd to hell.

The muſe emerging from theſe drear abodes,
Thro' foggy vapours bends her wand'ring way,
Leaves theſe dark caves, and theſe infernal gods,
And breathes th' enliv'ning influence of the day.

She climbs the mountain ſteep, whoſe ſummit ſhews,
The varied aſpect of the landſcape bright,
Who's lofty top is crown'd with virgin ſnows;
Hills, woods, and valleys pleaſe the wond'ring ſight.

Deſcending downwards in the plain ſhe ſtalks,
Where Flora reigns with cheering aſpect gay,
Where flow'rs adorn the zephyr breathing walks;
Where glitt'ring ſtreams meand'ring ſportive play.

She ſeeks the woody, dark, and cool retreat,
Where tuneful ſongſters warble on the ear,
While echo doth their am'rous lays repeat,
Where ſtreaks of light in various forms appear.

When gloomy night her ſable curtain ſpreads,
She hears ſad philomela ſweetly ſing,
Who ſends her wailings thro' th' extenſive meads;
And mourns the paſſion of the Thracian king.

She ſeeks the fields where golden Ceres reigns,
And views the heavy, yellow-nodding grain,
Which ſpreadeth luſtre o'er the beauteous plains;
And glads the heart of ev'ry rural ſwain.

She views the ſhepherd tend his fleecy care,
While harmleſs lambs in meads luxuriant bleat:
She views the ploughman, and his bounteous Share;
And ſees the patient oxen lab'ring ſweat.

Imagination! paint this wiſeſt plan;
By Induſtry the crowns of nations ſhine,
The plough ſupplies the craving wants of man;
To ſing theſe pleaſing ſcenes may it be mine.

Again the buſy haunts of man ſhe ſeeks,
Where vice and virtue there alternate reign;
Where giddy faſhion, thoughtleſs folly ſpeaks,
Where happineſs is ſought, alas! in vain.

To gloomy ſhades ſhe bends her ſearching courſe,
Where the hoarſe ſounding raven builds his neſt;
Where the night-owl ſhrieks with diſcordant force,
And wearied ſinks into the arms of reſt.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

TRAGEDY,

That the PUBLIC may be enabled to judge of the Style of its LANGUAGE.

KATHARINE, *Solus.*

THE bluſhing morn is ſoon arriv'd: 'tis but
A few blank dreams, and gloomy night's no more:
Hail lovely dawn, hail to thy train of ſweets!
From yon far diſtant, eaſtern verge thou gleam'ſt,
Soft breaking farther on the purple air,
A milky float the ſtarry plains all o'er;
Whoſe ſilver orbs have quite forgot to glow
Now rival'd by the approaching lord of light.
Ye walks empearl'd with lucid globes of dew!
Ye ſteaming lakes, that on the zephyr's wing
Exhale ambroſia! ye harmonious woods,
Made vocal by your warbling tenants, hail!
Give me what you afford to all around,
One cheering ſmile to my benighted ſoul!
Such awful dreams I've had, that ſcarce your pow'r
Or ſweetneſs can efface them: O my Edwin.

MACDONALD, *Solus*, waiting for *Katharine*.

——lie ſtill my flutt'ring heart,
Away ye freezing damps that clog my ſpirits:
Come gentle love in ev'ry winning form,
Array me with thy ſoft reſiſtleſs charms;
Let eloquence divine flow from my tongue,

Perfume my breath with each Arabian ſweet,
And let my kiſſes reliſh like ambroſia:
Give me the depth of thy enchanting art,
That I may gain this fair, this haughty Dame;
Who has enthrall'd my ſoul—I muſt enjoy her,
No rival e'er ſhall triumph o'er Macdonald.
O cruel jealouſy! thrice barbed dart,
How deeply doſt thou ſtab me—galling thought—
Shall I a ſecond time be robb'd of honour,
By unſubſtantial phantoms like the firſt:
No—not a mortal ever ſhall—ev'n tho'
My opponent was Hercules—This arm
Aſſiſted by my faithful friend, this ſword,
Would at the hated ſight, fly at his heart,
And like the light'ning blaſt him to confuſion—
But ſoft ſhe comes—how unprepar'd to meet her.

REYNALDO, *Solus*, waiting for *Euphreſia*.

Now day that young prince with all his gems
Is ſunk to reſt, and his grave mother reigns.
O the delights of Nature! who can tell
The loveliеſt of her ſcenes; the azure Morn,
The golden Noon, the variegated Eve;
Or ſable Night, which merits higheſt praiſe:
To him who doth contemplate their charms
Who taſtes their ſweetneſs, and explores their pow'r,
The preſent pleaſes moſt, be which it will;
Indeed what eye unraviſh'd can behold
Yon glorious Lamps, or yon refulgent orb
Which ſtrews with ſilver the high curling wave,
Chequers the landſcape, and with mildeſt beams
Sets off in ſolemn pomp the face of nature.
The diſtant murmurs of the main, the winds
Which growl afar, and ſhake the leafy grove;
Join'd by ſweet Philomela's lovely ſong,
Strike heav'nly muſic on th' enraptur'd ear.

'Tis now the time when youthful lovers ſteal
From the cenſorious world, to talk of love
In undiſſembl'd, artleſs eloquence,
And ſigh their inmoſt ſouls out to each other:
Euphreſia, O my love! why doſt thou ſtay,
Each moment ſeems an age when thou art abſent.

REYNALDO.

Accurſed gold! Of clay, tho' moſt eſteem'd,
Moſt hurtful—tho' reſplendant, moſt corrupt;
Tho' courted, vile, and tho' adored, mean:
Author of miſchief—nurſe of groſſeſt crimes,
What hath thy witching look, thy barbed arm
Not balefully atchiev'd; made ſeas to foam,
Made cities ſwell with blood, and reeking gore;
Hath ravag'd kingdoms, and laid nations waſte,
Torn empires from their roots; and been the cauſe,
The fatal cauſe! of all this ſcene of horror.

The Summer's Morning.

BRIGHT Phœbus now adorns the eaſtern ſky,
And to the landſcape adds a beauteous hue,
Who's varied aſpect glitters on the eye;
The flow'rs now drooping hang with morning dew.

The ſhepherds early ſeek the ſunny hills,
And joyful wander thro' the flow'ry plains;
The bleat of lambkins ev'ry valley fills,
Who friſking gambol round the happy ſwains.

Their joyous pipe reſounds in ev'ry grove,
While liſt'ning echo the ſweet notes prolongs;
Perhaps its accents tell their tales of love,
Or elſe they warble o'er ſweet rural ſongs.

The ſun-burnt mowers ſeek the graſſy vales,
And joyful cut the flow'r-enamel'd hay;
The healthful zephyrs crowd their gentle ſails,
And o'er the meads in beauteous ſhadows play.

The giant Oak that ſtands in yonder plain;
And lowly ſhrubs that grow in yonder vale,
Pour forth their muſic to the liſt'ning ſwain;
Each bird in pleaſing ſtrains chants o'er its tale.

The orient treſſes of the ſummer's morn,
O'er all the landſcape ſhed a pleaſing ray;
While joyful muſic to the ear is born,
Sung by the warblers on the dewy ſpray.

To the River Eden.

SWEET ſtream purſue thy winding courſe,
Which ſhews to man blind fortune's force,
Now ruffl'd, now ſerene:
Thou'rt ſmooth when fortune ſheds her ſmiles,
Thou'rt ruffl'd when ſhe man beguiles,
And gads him unforeſeen.

Here purple violets deck thy ſide;
'Tis thus when on we ſmoothly glide,
And joy our time employs:
Here weeping willows mourning grow;
'Tis thus when dire misfortunes flow,
And darken all our joys.

Here bounteous Ceres decks the ground,
And bluſhing Flora's gems are found,
On ev'ry chequer'd plain;
The Tulip race unfold their dies,
Fair emblem of my Celia's eyes,
Admir'd by ev'ry ſwain.

The giant Oaks high rear their heads;
And beauteous flow'rets fill the meads,
Where Eden wand'ring flows;
The woodman's hatchet fells the Oaks,
And hurling tempeſts blaſt the flocks,
Of faireſt flow'r that grows.

When gay proſperity doth reign,
And ſheds her pleaſures o'er life's plain,
All, all is joy ſerene:
When dire adverſity doth wield
Her piercing ſway, we weeping yield,
And mourn her joyleſs beam.

Thy murm'ring ſtream thro' ſhady groves,
And ſpreading woods, meand'ring roves,
Where dwell the tuneful throng.
When Cynthia pale ſheds forth her beams,
The Naiads dance along thy ſtreams,
To Philomela's ſong.

In yonder plain thy waves are loſt,
And by the raging ſeas are toſs'd,
Where ends thy chryſtal race:
So man, when time ſhall ceaſe to be,
Shall join eternity's vaſt ſea,
And fail in endleſs ſpace.

*** *The public has always ſhewn itſelf the generous patron of genius, and is ever ready to overlook ſome imperfections in Juvenile Productions, if their beauties, upon the whole, be more than the blemiſhes.——The Reader will be able to judge from a peruſal of this Pamphlet, if the Authors, (who are young in years) write in the true Spirit of Poetry; and if he diſcovers marks of genius, they would ſolicit his Patronage and Subſcription.*

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